Consequences For My Soul

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7547075.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post TWOTL, Canon Compliant, except..., Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Suicidal Thoughts, Dark Will, Hannibal is Hannibal, #ItsStillBeautiful
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Tiger's S4 Hannigram fics
Collections:	#ItsStillBeautiful
Stats:	Published: 2016-08-09 Completed: 2016-08-10 Words: 1,664 Chapters: 1/1

Consequences For My Soul

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Set a year after the fall. Will is having trouble dealing with who he has become // Hannibal is attempting to be his anchor

Notes

This follows canon, everything happened as in the show and this is now post S3, but it is set in an AU where everyone has soulmarks.

I love the idea of those sort of soulmate recognition fics and haven't read many for Hannigram, so I thought I'd write one. As it's set post fall it got a little dark.

Please be advised by the tags!! TW: Suicidal thoughts

See the end of the work for more notes

It had been almost a year since they had gone over the bluff, and Will had tried so many times to leave. Had even managed to a couple of times before having to turn back. They'd been together too long now to be separated, living in such close quarters. It wasn't like when he'd been able to leave before. The three years they'd been separated had only caused Will varying degrees of discomfort, which he had been happy to suffer in Hannibal's stead.

Three days he'd managed once. Three days before the headaches and sickness. Before he had to call Hannibal to come and get him. He had been sick to his stomach. His skin had burned... right up until the moment Hannibal had laid a cooling hand on him with soothing words. And Will hated him for it. Detested Hannibal Lecter, in that moment, for something the man had no control over, more than he ever had for the things he could control - Abigail, Bev, victims of the Ripper.

Will sat in the car. It was dark, too dark to see the blackness he could feel drying on his skin. He'd killed the engine a couple of minutes after arriving home, but he still sat facing the road. He could pull away, turn left, head out into the world and try to take his chances again, as futile as that was. Or he could turn right, take the road to the cliffs. Speed through the barrier, let the car fly and just be done with it all. As he'd intended previously at a cliff's edge when his fate had seemed so overwhelming.

There was a startling knock on the driver side window and Will knew it was Hannibal without looking. Who else would it be out here in the middle of nowhere? Will didn't look over, or unwind the window. He continued to stare ahead at the road. How easy turning right would be.

"Will, please come inside. The temperature is dropping." Will didn't respond. "At least put the heat back on in the car if you prefer to be alone."

Hannibal's words were soft. So fucking accommodating.

Will started the engine, made a show of turning up the heating. A moment later shadows moved and Hannibal was walking away - he could imagine Hannibal sighing as he went. Will watched in the rearview mirror and turned the engine off again as the man was about to reach the house. Hannibal paused when he heard the engine die. He looked tense, and Will wondered if he would come back and force him into the house. But no, of course not. He never had, never would. Instead Will watched in the mirror as Hannibal's shoulders slumped in defeat and he returned to the house.

Fuck him! Fuck everything about him.

Will rested his head on top of his arms on the steering wheel. This wasn't what he had imagined as a teenager when his soulmate's mark had first started to appear. Of course, people wrote about things like this; it was the premise of horror movies - but this wasn't a movie. He wished he had never met Hannibal Lecter - never had their marks recognise each other and connect them. Lived happily enough without any awareness of his soulmate.

He'd thought he was going to end up with a dentist for fucks sake. What a joke! But what else was he going to think when the soulmark was finally fully formed on his right wrist and looked for all the world like a bite mark.

Teeth.

Sat there on the inside of his wrist, to one day match up with his soulmate. A man who would tear out a dragon's throat with those teeth.

Of course, there had been his mark too. The one he had been born with, his own mark on his left wrist, had become painfully ironic over the years. A birthmark clearly in the shape of a knife.

A knife.

That, as a child, had made sense with his love of fishing with his father - a pocket knife always to hand for trimming lures, cutting lines, gutting when he was a little older. Gutting. Yes, that too. With every stab wound he'd acquired over the years, he had become more and more jaded about the mark. It had once reminded him of home, family, happier times. Now it reminded him he was lucky his insides weren't on the outside.

Reminded him of the death Hannibal had almost caused. Reminded him of every death. He wished Hannibal had succeeded. He wished he'd died.

He thought about killing Hannibal, being free of him. Because that was it wasn't it? Together forever was just that - but forever wasn't always the same. Forever could be ended with a sharp blade.

This was not the fate he had expected.

*

Hannibal sat in the near dark. He hadn't heard the front door open, but neither had he heard the car restart and pull away. For now Will was in limbo, as he often was on days such as these.

And Hannibal… Hannibal was… Consistent. A balance. An anchor now instead of a paddle. The one constant in Will's life.

A small table lamp emitted a soft glow next to him. Light enough that he might read a book. But instead he sat and studied his wrist. The mark he had been born with, it had meant so little to him until Mischa. He shut down the thought immediately, unable to allow himself to think about her consumption.

Her teeth.

Then it had made sense to him and he had come to know a truth about himself. The knife on his other wrist however, that had appeared when he was a teen, was most intriguing. An intrigue he had pursued with passion, as he had pursued Will upon his discovery.

He rubbed a thumb softly over it and remembered first meeting Will Graham. That pull, that sense of *something*. People often said that when you met your soulmate you would immediately know, and maybe they had. Maybe Will had, but of course Will would always deny him. Deny himself.

For Hannibal, confirmation had been on visiting Will with breakfast. In just a t-shirt his wrists were visible and marks clear - knife and teeth, identical but opposite. They could have still walked away then, fate and biology would have allowed them that much. But the time spent together, the friendship and working relationship that developed had connected them, bonded their soulmarks. As time marched from there the bond grew stronger and was now unbreakable, as Will forced them to experience on occasion. The time and connection had had consequences for their souls.

And Will had known, hadn't he? Many times Hannibal had made an effort to wear his sleeves rolled and invite Will to help him with dinner. Will never acknowledged them but could not have missed them. Hannibal realised later this was Will hiding from his demons. Demons that Hannibal sought to know as much as Will wished to deny them. Will had seen the truth in Hannibal and wanted to deny the truth in himself. But Will *had* known his demons, welcomed them in that moment on the bluff when it had become too much for him to hold in. Covered in blood, Will slew the dragon with a knife.

Will's knife.

This was the life fate had decided for them. And together forever was better than apart, better than the lack of understanding. Forever with someone who understood you - understood your actions and thoughts and feelings. Forever was not long enough for Hannibal.

*

No, Will wouldn't kill him. Maybe couldn't. He was never really sure which. Didn't suppose it really mattered.

It was even colder by the time he came in from the car, the house warmed by a fire. Everything so quaint. This life that Hannibal provided for them.

Will showered to warm up. And to wash, of course. Crusting against his skin and as black as Hannibal had once promised. So hard to clean off and the faint feeling that it was still there regardless. Under his nails.

He pulled on flannel pajama bottoms and made his way to bed. The house was so quiet. He was never really sure where Hannibal was unless he had a visual on the man. On days like this even more so - Hannibal making every effort to stay out of his way. To give him space. He became like a cat, slinking about the house and around corners before Will could glimpse him. And that was fine. He had checked up on Will when he got home in the car, and had understood he didn't want to be bothered. So accomodating. So fucking Hannibal.

Will settled into the bed, the sheets cold to the touch but quickly warmed. He turned to face the window, looked at the moon hanging outside. Tried to imagine a different life, a different Will looking at that moon, somewhere. Another reality where his marks were different, where his soul was different. Where it was what he wanted it to be, not what it was. Not what Hannibal had seen.

The bed dipped behind him and the covers rustled, a slight draft before they settled again.

Hannibal's arm snaked around his bare chest and he was pulled back against the man, held there tightly against Hannibal's skin. Hannibal was propped up enough behind him to hold Will with one arm and stroke his hair with the other as he whispered soothing words in languages Will didn't understand.

Will closed his eyes and relaxed back into Hannibal, choking back a soft sob.

"It's been a bad day." Will didn't need to say it. Hannibal always knew even without seeing the blood.

"I know." Gentle words behind his ear. A gentler kiss laid there. Strong arms wrapping around him and sheltering him from his demons. Wrists the opposite of his, teeth and knife.

Their connection.
Their methods.

End Notes

My headcanon for this re: Molly, as I know I kind of skipped over her as it didn't fit the flow, is that her dead husband was her soulmate. So she and Will kind of settled for each other in a comfortable kind of way that was nice for her, though would always be ultimately unfulfilling for Will - which he was was happy to live with at the time...

THESE FICLET NOW HAS A SEQUEL
Also did a sort fix it season 4 soulmates fic for the Radiance Anthology - Evolution.

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